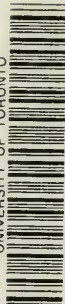


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COMUS



I

*All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.*

COMUS
BY
JOHN·MILTON
ILLUSTRATED · BY
ARTHUR·RACKHAM



NEW·YORK: DOUBLEDAY·PAGE·&·C^o
LONDON: WILLIAM·HEINEMANN



A MASKE

PRESENTED

At Ludlow Castle,

1634:

On Michaelmasse night, before the

RIGHT HONORABLE,

JOHN Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount BRACKLY,

Lord President of WALES, And one of

HIS MAJESTIES most honorable

Privie Counsell.





To the Right Honourable, John Lord Vicount
Bracly, Son and Heir apparent to the
Earl of *Bridgewater*, &c.

My Lord,

This Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of Birth from your Self, and others of your Noble Family, and much honour from your own Person in the performance, now returns again to make a finall Dedication of it self to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often Copying of it hath tir'd my Pen to give my severall friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view ; and now to offer it up in all rightfull

devotion to those fair Hopes, and rare Endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall expression

Your faithfull, and most

humble Servant

H. Lawes





The Copy of a Letter writt'n by Sir Henry Wootton, to the
Author, upon the following Poem.

From the Colledge, this 13. of April, 1638.

Sir,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowea upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly ; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together som good Authors of the antient time : Among which, I observe you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language : Ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherin I may chalenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you ; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way ; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governour, and

you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice som time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge · I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tablea in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having bin Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled, save this onely man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest : With him I had often much chat of those affairs ; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour ; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (sayes he) I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto will go safely over the whole World : Of which Delphian Oracle

*(for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary;
and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all
securities, Gods dear love, remaining*

Your Friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

Postscript.

*Sir, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your
departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt
of your obliging Letter, having myself through som busines, I
know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part
where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent
to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for som fomentation
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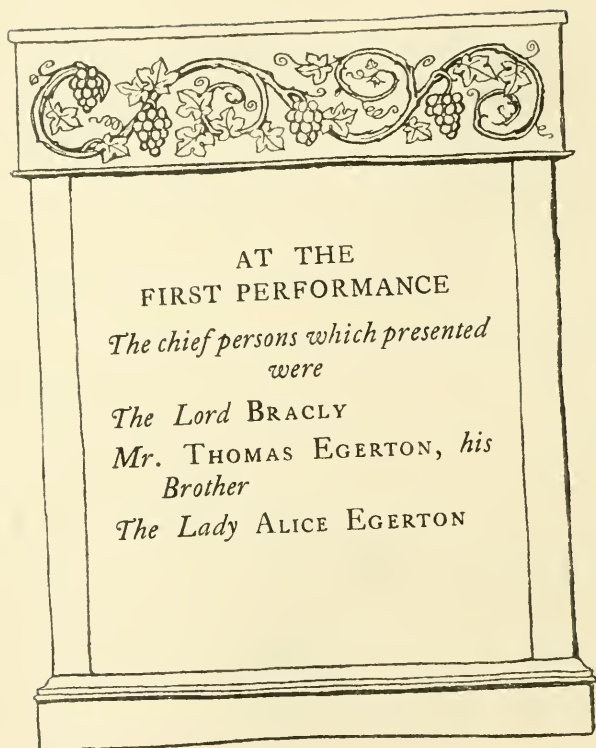
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The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.





COMUS

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Joves Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold here,

Strive to keep up a frail and Feaverish being,
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity :
To such my errand is ; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt Flood and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot, 'twixt high, and neather Jove,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That, like to rich and various gemms, inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep ;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to severall government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents. But this Ile,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities ;
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide



An old and haughty Nation proud in Arms :
Where his fair off-spring, nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers state
And new-entrusted Scepter ; but their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger ;
And here their tender age might suffer perill,
But that, by quick command from Soveran Jove,
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard ;
And listen why ; for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bowr.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine,
After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circes Iland fell : (who knows not Circe
The daughter of the Sun ? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine.)
This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustring locks
With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,



Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd ;
Who ripe and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the Celtick and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offering to every weary Travailer
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus ; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were ;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before ;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off

II

*And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before.*



These my skie robes, spun out of Iris Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain
That to the service of this house belongs ;
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods ; nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch
Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull steps ; I must be viewles now.

[*Exit.*



COMUS *enters, with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other ; with him a rout of Monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistring ; they com in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

III

They com in making a riotous and unruly noise.



*Comus*

The Star that bids the Shepherd fold
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold
And the gilded Car of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantick stream ;
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean while, welcom Joy and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed ;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sowre Severity,

With their grave Saws, in slumber ly.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move ;
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com, let us our rights begin ;
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin,
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail, Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
Dark vaild Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns ! mysterious Dame
That ne're art call'd but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr !
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,

IV

*And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.*



V

*By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.*





Wherin thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tel-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.



The Measure







Comus

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
 Of som chast footing neer about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds within these Brakes and Trees;
 Our number may affright. Som Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods! Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains; I shall e're long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spungy ayr,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments; lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac't words of glozing courtesie,
Baited with reasons not unplausable,
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
But here she comes ; I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may, her busines here.





THE LADY *enters*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now. Me thought it was the sound
Of Riot and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,

VI

THE LADY *enters.*





When, for their teeming Flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers ; yet O ! where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood ?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept, as they se'd, to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n,
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had stole them from me ; els, O theevish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for som felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely Travailer ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear ;
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O, welcom, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity !
I see ye visibly, and now beleeve
That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring Guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
—Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

VII

. . . . *the Stars*

*That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Travailer.*







VIII

Calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire.





And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.



SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well :
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in som flowry Cave,
 Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear !
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies !



IX

Sweet Echo.





*Comus*

Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure, something holy lodges in that brest,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testifie his hidd'n residence!

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
Of darknes till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three

Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades,
Culling their Potent hearbs and balefull drugs ;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium ; Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self ;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. Ile speak to her,
And she shall be my Queen.—Hail, forren wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed !
Unlesse the Goddes that in rurall shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Silvan, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

Lady

Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending Ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

X

The flowry-kirtl'd Naiades.





G. Allen R. R. R. R.



Comus

What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus ?

Lady

Dim darknes and this leavy Labyrinth.

Comus

Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides ?

Lady

They left me weary on a grassie terf.

Comus

By falsehood, or discourtesie, or why ?

Lady

To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

Comus

And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

Lady

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Comus

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

Lady

How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Comus

Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

COMUS

Lady

No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Comus

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

Lady

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate ;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
Their port was more then human, as they stood ;
I took it for a faery vision
Of som gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And, as I past, I worshipt ; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n
To help you find them.

Lady

Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady

To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.

Comus

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood :
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse ; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest'.

Lady

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds

With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended : In a place
Less warranted then this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eie me, blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength ! Shepherd, lead on.—

[*Exeunt*



XI

Enter THE TWO BROTHERS.







Enter THE TWO BROTHERS

Elder Brother

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair Moon,
That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that raigns here
In double night of darknes, and of shades;
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, som gentle taper,
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of som clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Second Brother

Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks, pen'd in their watled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing,
In this close dungeon of innumeros bowes.
But O, that haples virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears:
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or while we speak, within the direfull grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Elder Brother

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincip'l'd in vertues book,

And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Vertue could see to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk: and Wisdoms self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bussle of resort
Were all to ruffl'd, and somtimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own cleer brest
May sit i'th center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Second Brother

Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senat House:

COMUS

For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsun'd heaps
Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
Of night or lonelines it recks me not;
I fear the dred events that dog them both,
Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

Elder Brother

I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sisters state
Secure without all doubt or controversie:
Yet, where an equall poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is

That I encline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

Second Brother

What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

Elder Brother

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
She that has that is clad in compleat steel,
And, like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen,
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes ;
Where, through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity ;
Yea, there where very desolation dwels,
By grots and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.

Som say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blew meagre Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.
Do ye beleeve me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
To testife the arms of Chastity ?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dred bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherwith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon sheild



XII

*Som say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time ;
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.*

Arthur Rackham









XIV



XV

The huntress Dian.



That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of Chast austerity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw?
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal. But, when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnell vaults and Sepulchers
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,

As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't it self by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Second Brother

How charming is divine Philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfet raigns.

Elder Brother

List, list, I hear

Som far off hallow break the silent Air.

Second Brother

Me thought so too ; what should it be ?

Elder Brother

For certain
 Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

Second Brother

Heav'n keep my sister ! Agen, agen, and neer ;
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Elder Brother

Ile hallow ;
If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us !

Enter the attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know. What are you ? speak ;
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spirit

What voice is that ? my young Lord ? speak agen.

Second Brother

O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd, sure.

Elder Brother

Thyrsis ? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale ?
How cam'st thou here, good Swain ? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook ?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

Spirit

O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O! my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Elder Brother

To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spirit

Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Elder Brother

What fears, good Thyrsis? Prethee briefly shew.

Spirit

Ile tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
What the sage Poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire Chimera's and enchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell ;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades, a Sorcerer dwels,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries ;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,
With many murmurs mixt ; whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face ; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade ; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks

Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle ; and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsie
Till fancy had her fill. But, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance ;
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac't. I was all eare,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. But O ! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear ;

XVI

*The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance.*



Arthur Rackham

And O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare !
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast,
Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place
Where that damn'd wisard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signes I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prævent,
The aidless innocent Lady, his wish't prey ;
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neighbour villager ;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
Ye were the two she mean't ; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

Second Brother

O night and shades,
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin,
Alone and helpless ! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother ?

Elder Brother

Yes, and keep it still ;

Lean on it safely ; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me : against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm :
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodness, when, at last
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consum'd. If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
And earths base built on stubble. But com, let's on !
Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up ;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the greisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpyies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Inde, Ile find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spirit

Alas ! good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise ;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead :
Farr other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms ;
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts
And crumble all thy sinews.

Elder Brother

Why, prethee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer
As to make this relation ?

Spirit

Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray.
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie ;

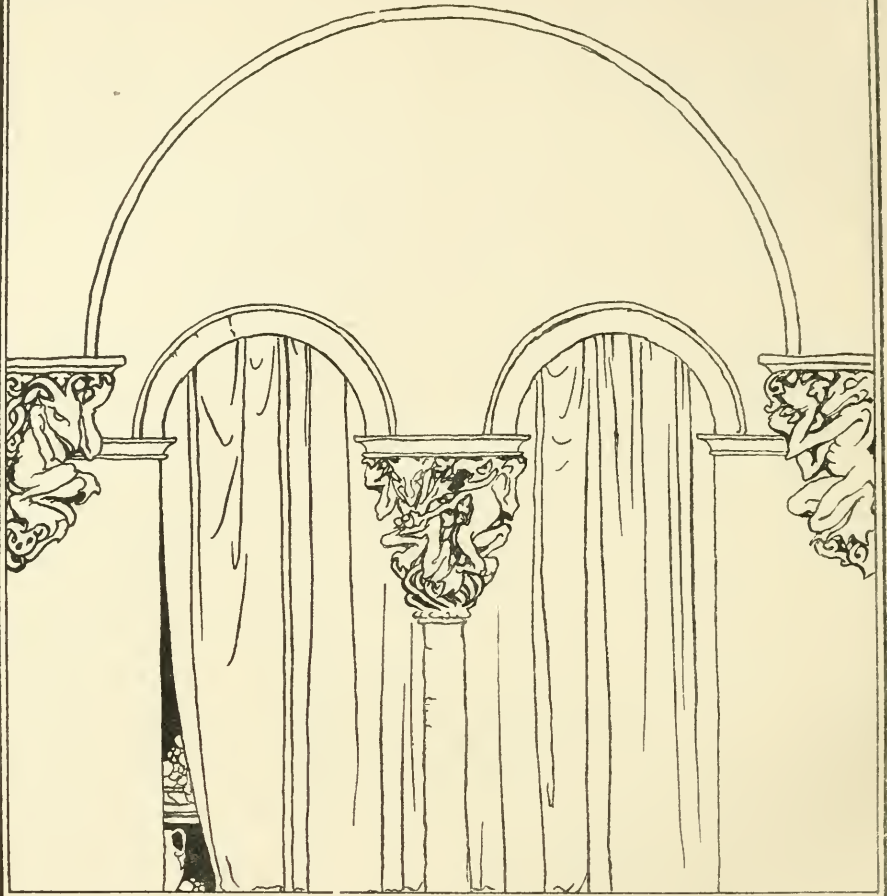
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl :
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;
And yet more med'cinal is it then that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave ;
He call'd it Hœmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or gastly furies apparition ;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true ; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off : if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall ;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood

And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the lushious liquor on the ground ;
But sease his wand : though he and his curst crew
Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoak,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Elder Brother

Thyrsis, lead on apace, Ile follow thee ;
And som good angel bear a sheild before us !





*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out
with all manner of deliciousness ; soft
Musick, Tables spred with all dainties.*

*COMUS appears with his rabble, and the
LADY set in an enchanted Chair : to whom
he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and
goes about to rise.*

Comus

Nay, Lady, sit. If I wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaster,
And you a statue ; or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady

Fool, do not boast ;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Comus

Why are you vext, Lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates
Sorrow flies farr. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here

That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms ;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain ;
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted ; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady

'Twill not, false traitor ;
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of ? What grim aspects are these,

XVII

. . . . as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.



These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence,
With visor'd falshood and base forgery,
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus

O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoick Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons; and, that no corner might

Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore and precious gems,
To store her children with. If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd ;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth ;
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes ;
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady : be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name, Virginity ;
Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be currant ; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th'injoyment of it self.

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home ;
They had their name thence ; course complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts ;
Think what, and be adviz'd ; you are but young yet.

Lady

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance ; she, good cateress,
Means her provision onely to the good,

That live according to her sober laws
And holy dictate of spare Temperance :
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeing share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encomber'd with her store ;
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enough ? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity
Fain would I something say ; yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity ;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness then this thy present lot.
Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick

That hath so well been taught her dazling fence ;
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't :
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Comus

She fables not ; I feel that I do fear
Her words, set off by som superior power ;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're ; as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To som of Saturns crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Com, no more ;
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.
I must not suffer this ; yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood ;
But this will cure all streight ; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

THE BROTHERS *rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground ; his rout made signe of resistance, but are all driven in.*



XVIII

THE BROTHERS *rush in with Swords drawn.*





The attendant SPIRIT comes in.

Spirit

What, have you let the false enchanter scape ?
O, ye mistook ; ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast ; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt and motionless ;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream :
Sabrina is her name ; a Virgin pure ;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the Scepter from his father Brute.
The guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water Nymphs, that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,

XIX

*The water Nymphs, that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in.*





Bearing her straight to aged Nereus Hall ;
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with Asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River. Still she retains
Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their festivals
Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled Song ;
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a Virgin, such as was her self,
In hard besetting need ; this will I try,
And adde the power of som adjuring verse.



SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save !



XX

Sabrina fair

Listen where thou art sitting.



John Russell





Listen, and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestick pace ;
By hoary Nereus wrincled look,
And the Carpathian wisards hook ;
By scaly Tritons winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance ;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have :

Listen, and save !

XXI

Fair Ligea.







XXII

*By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance.*











SABRINA rises, attended by water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green,
That in the channell strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here !

XXIII

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-Nymphs.*









Spirit

Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sabrina

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of pretious cure ;
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;
Next, this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bowr.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of
her seat.



Spirit

Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills ;
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
Nor wet Octobers torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd ;
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The beryl, and the golden ore ;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrass round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrrhe and cinnamon.

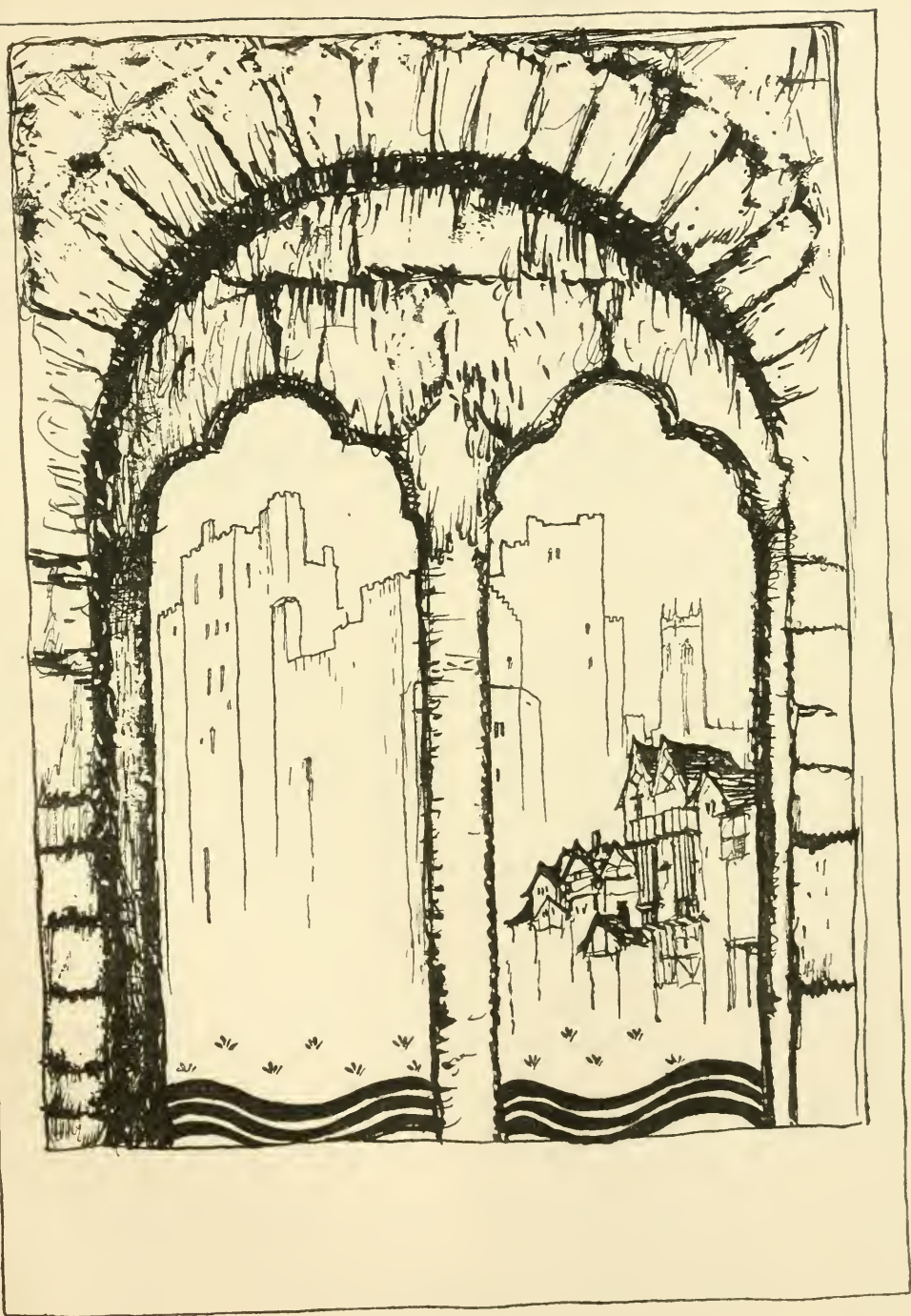
Com, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us intice
With som other new device.
Not a waste or needlless sound
Till we com to holier ground !
I shall be your faithfull guide

Through this gloomy covert wide ;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish't presence ; and, beside,
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere.
Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.



*The Scene changes, presenting LUDLOW Town,
and the Presidents Castle; then com in
Countrey-Dancers; after them the attendant
SPIRIT, with the TWO BROTHERS and the
LADY.*







SONG.

Spirit

Back, Shepherds, back ! anough your play
 Till next Sun-shine holiday.
 Here be without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes ; and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns and on the Leas.



*This second Song presents them to their father
and mother.*

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight :
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own ;
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth ;
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT Epiloguizes.

Spirit

To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring ;
The 'Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres
Thither all their bounties bring.
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smels.
Iris there, with humid bow,

XXIV

Iris there, with humid bow.





Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew ;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft ; and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son, advanc't,
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long ;
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride ;
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly don :
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime ;
Or, if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.



THE END.

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